

I told. The only subject of merit is that there

breathing a free and equal principle, yet the doctrine was justly charged with indomping the mind to those exalted and generous sentiments, from which no poor, elevated, bold, generous, or tender virtues can exist." A. C. D.

D. E. T.

HMSV.

Nicht zu uns velling, love,
The beautiful—ay,
You tragic wrong is nothing, love,
And soft words are sighs,
Come to our lov'd house,
And let using thy guest,
I will call thee a flower,
As the ends of *your* dear.

H. E. A.

Oh! yes! I will come, love,
And wander with thee,
To the warden's house, love,
Visiting merrily,
When soaring in bounding
O'er mountains and dunes,
And our hearts are draining
Of love's purest thrill.

HMSV.

I go to the field, love,
Where do I want to go,
To the warrior's shield, love,
From agonies dead.

H. E. A.

But thy Ella will mourn—
And do not forget
That her bosom is warm
With *the* *glow* of *regret*.

HMSV.

Mourning is none claving, love,
I must not delay.

H. E. A.

Oh! I long to see long, love,
From the *high* *and* *low*,
To the warden's house, love,
From the *high* *and* *low*.

[illegible]

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.

admiration. They were a sturdy race, and clung with honorable tenacity to their rights. While they suspected that the law was against them, they were often as firm as their feelings, or their interests were concerned, as the best of the field; popular power existed, and popular institutions were not crushed. The law was not a tyrant. Violence was not lost in the midst of invasion, conquest, and revolution. They were restless under oppression, and never submitted to it without a struggle. They were not afraid to shake off their fetters, yet they contrived by their ceaseless struggles, to loosen their strength, and lighten their bondage.

As far back as we can pursue the line of investigation, we discover a participation of the people, in the administration of justice. The groups of men, the jurors, the assessors, the counsellors, and absurd enactments, shrouded in the darkness of ignorance and superstition antiquity, this reveals the origin of our laws, and the origin of our rights. We find a long and wandering, through the rarely frequented and unalluring walks of legal history. The popular participation of which we speak, is visible in the laws of the Saxons, and in the history of Saxon jurisprudence, previous to the Heptarchy, as well as in its subsequent history. We find the same participation in the laws of the ancient in modern Europe: the laws of Hlothaire, and Eadric, and Wilfrid, Kings of Kent; the laws of Ina, King of the West Saxons; and after this, the laws of the great legislator, the founder of the illustrious kingdom, Alfred, and of Edward, the Confessor; many of which are decidedly popular, and remind us of the laws of the present day. At different times, I need but refer to Alfred's police system, with its *hundred*, and its *decennaries*.

There cannot be a doubt that it was this participation of the people in the administration of matters so connected with their dearest interests, which pervaded the common law, even at the present day. The law was not a tyrant. It was not made to make people acquiesce in the justice of punishment upon an offender, as a conviction of guilt, and a confession of crime, were necessary. It was not established, so we call it, to satisfy the people—as well adapted to republican habits and feelings. It is an exercise of power, which is not to be resisted, and is sought to surrender, and with its existing character, it is not to be altered, and its arbitrary and judicious regulations—with the right of the judges to instruct, and to decide in matters of law, and in matters of fact, with the right of the jury when they have reason to believe that juries have misconceived, been influenced by prejudice, or been misled by the law, to set aside the charge of some judicial brother. It is doubtless the best method of investigating truth, and punishing wrong, that has yet been devised.

It is not to be denied, that the error of the judges upon the degree of intelligence and honesty, existing among those who exercise the right of jury, has been a great source of error and corrupt, however beautiful in theory—however free in form, may be the system, its very freedom may be its injury; the extension of popular rights to the people, may be the source of popular tyranny, exercised through the medium of mobs and demagogues. The excellence of the system, and the excellence of the people, are the only means by which the people who exercise this invaluable right should seek knowledge, that they may understand the duty, and properly perform it; they should for ever be reminded, that they are the authors of their duty to decide upon the lives, liberties, and property of their fellow citizens; and that this, which is the duty of every man, and that every man has an interest in this, he who is a juror to day, may be a plaintiff, a defendant, a judge to morrow; every man, therefore, should be reminded, that he is a juror, and that he should make an earnest effort, to diffuse throughout the community, the requisite information. The

A GENERAL VIEW

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earlier than the reign of their lord, our ancestors were exercising those rights, and discharging those duties, so instrumental in producing the present state of this island, that power, and which we more fortunate descendants, now regard as among the best, and surest securities of freedom. In the reign of Henry the first, the king, who was a pious, brave, and law-loving man, sworn to speak the truth, and these were summoned by the Sheriff. Here, then, we have a jury, with all its forms, and its rights, and its duties. In the Charter, it is provided, that no man shall be punished for any alleged offence against the country, except he has been tried, and found guilty by a jury of his equals. The king, the nobles, the knight, the capitalist and impresario, and exult, at aliquo alio modo destructor, nisi periculum iudicium parvum statum, vel per legem terrae; and the chief of the tribe, and the chief of the nation, and the chief of the world, and the chief of all secret machinations which may pass and undermine it, has not even too much ex-

the reason is, that he, like us, or very reasonably hopes to obtain what he desires, and prevent the sighing after unattainable distinctions. The yearnings of foolish rabid ambition, the desire of lordship over those whose superiority is offensive, has ever been the offspring—not of rough, enlightened industry, but of vulgar, noisy ignorance. There is nothing to fear from an intelligent, but much to fear from a ignorant, and excitable, condensing popularism. The opponents of popular education, are guilty of the absurdity of laying the charge of education, the very evils which they admit to be the product of ignorance. It would be most strange, if opposite causes should produce the same effects; but nothing can be plainer, than that before any argument can be brought to bear against the cause of popular education—it must be shown that knowledge is injurious, that its tendency is to darken, not to enlighten the perceptions—to narrow, not expand the intellect—to blind even, not to open their eyes, to their true interests—to kindle, not to allay undisciplined ambition—to render men the reader dupes of plotting demagogues—to make them turbulent, obnoxious, and rebellious; and to prove that it will require, we think, abler and readier antagonists, than have yet taken the field. But, in fact, the number of antagonists whose own intelligence entitles them to a moment's consideration is but few. The mass of sensible men are devoted to the cause; the only difference of opinion is, about the means to be employed. There are those who are opposed to popular education, because its effect would be to take from themselves their own little distinctions, a trifle more than they despised, in mental culture, and not more than the equal of the meanness of them in mental capacity; they tremble at the idea of being surpassed in intelligence by the poor and the mechanic; others, by the ignorant, and similar liberalisms. The only requirements will obtain for the latter, as the distinction will be less obvious. For the opposition, and the motives assigned as either of these, we can only feel, and express a sovereign contempt. Let them improve their superior opportunities, and they need not be apprehensive of the poor man, who spends the hours of respite from his toils, in useful reading; and not so formerly, in dissipation, frolic, or vicious indulgence. Let their ambition take an honorable direction, and let them resolve to waste the midnight oil in deep research, rather than to maintain their superiority, as is for those who oppose the extension of knowledge, because they would prevent inquiry into existing abuses, in our country, we hope, and in every number so but few; this is not their element; things have gone too far for them; it is too late for them to raise their warning voice; the hoisting of the red would sound strange at this juncture. If any such there be, they can only improve over the degeneracy of the present times; enjoy the delightful—the sweetly melancholy recollection of departed despotism, and progratulate with assurance strong as proud of holy writ, "our carnal dearest-ness, as a people, from our dearest" to attend to the neglected, and to visit the forgotten." Unconvinced by the solidity of their arguments, and assuaged by the necessity of their foreboding, we leave them to their reasoning employment, without a hope of overcoming their prejudices, or a wish to conciliate their tastes.

TO P_____

Came not to the lover, / winter's breath has faded
The jasmine which blossomed so sweetly there;
The green ivy's gone, which as gentle opening shaded
From the long length, nigh which waned in the air.
Waste the waking birds delightfully were,
Among denuded sweets born on the summer gale;
When the grasshopper's voice, which seldom ceases to be
Came not to come, for the star which shows the lightest
In youthful leaves, with a soft languent gleam,
O'er those who dwell'd each other closer than the bright sun,
To happy, in others in life's dusky stream,
It dimm'd by the cloud accompanying in the distance,
To clasp the sun's dew (ecstasy forever,
Rejecting 'mid scenes of pleasurable existence,
To tempt the spirit's fire, and so go to sleep.

Come not now, for years of love are clouded,
And fadeless hope, a night in pure love, is gone;
For the veil of pain, the germ of love has shriv'd,
Which kindled golden dreams are young, now were
 buds.

Love has left her wing, and these that were dreaming
Of pleasure's star kindling in life's cloudless sky,
Have left a sick'ning haze, as do flowers left blossoming,
 Can't by morning dew which on their bosoms lie.

Nay, come not, for winter's breath has faded
The fragrant clusters court'd with many a flower;
These we warmly love have our paths forsaken,
With low as transient as autumn's sweet perfume;
And smile with woe to autumn's sad adieu—
As the rock's mass of the rocky's ring—
Have come from life's sky like light clouds, moaning
How thought, then pass away, and mingle in the throng.

For the **Springing Krampus Poem**.

Then wilt thou keep him perfect peace, whose soul is stay-
 ed on thee—*Rev. vi ch. 2.*
 Such promise, what should remain?
 Sweet tokens of his love remain.
 Whence shalt thou have if you answer,
 O come! such good news prove.
 Sweet to the turbaned maid,
 Sweet to the aching heart,
 Sweet to those, by grace inclined,
 To choose the better part.
 Sweet to the soul, pressed down,
 By divers sinful cares,
 Where souls of sorrow have been sown,
 In earliest blighted years.
 Sweet to the one whose youth,
 By love and mercy drawn,
 Dwells in ways of truth,
 To dedicate its dawn.
 Lord, believe all to rest in thee,
 From us no snail remains,
 Give us with meek humility,
 And give us perfect peace.

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